

# ADIRAMLED

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"I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending;  
the one who is, and the one who was, and the one who is coming  
the all powerful."

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden  
manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a  
new name written."

## MY SYMPHONY

To live content with small means;  
to seek elegance rather than luxury;  
and refinement rather than fashion;  
to be worthy, not respectable;  
and wealthy, not rich;  
to study hard, think quietly,  
talk gently, act frankly;  
to listen to stars and birds,  
to babes and sages, with open heart;  
to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely,  
await occasions, hurry never.  
In a word, to let the spiritual  
unbidden and unconscious, grow up  
through the common.  
This is to be my symphony.

— Wm. Henry Channing

## LOVE

Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word and the synonym of God.

If, however, from too much conversing with material objects, the soul was gross, and misplaced its satisfaction in the body, it reaped nothing but sorrow; body being unable to fulfill the promise which beauty holds out; but if, accepting the hint of these visions and suggestions which beauty makes to his mind, the soul passes through the body and falls to admire strokes of character, and the lovers contemplate one another in their discourses and their actions, then they pass to the true palace of beauty, more and more inflame their love of it, and by this love extinguishing the base affection as the sun puts out the fire by shining on the hearth, they become pure and hallowed.

But we need not fear we can lose any thing by the progress of the soul. The soul may be trusted to the end. That which is so beautiful and attractive as these relations, must be succeeded and supplanted only by what is more beautiful, and so on forever.—Emerson.

There is no one stands in the way of each individual spirit's unfoldment but himself. Physical sickness, mental disability and poverty are no barriers to the development of the spiritual nature for these are all transformed by the expression of love in the soul, and if they persist with any one, it is because he or she lacks love.—Lucy A. Malory, in *The World's Advance Thought*.

## MESSAGES FROM URANIA. III

SIMEON-PISCES

"Behold the Stone that I have laid  
Before Joshua.  
Upon this stone are *seven eyes*."

"Unto thee will I cry, O Lord,  
My Rock, my strength,  
I lift my hands toward thy *oracle*."

Then, marvel not, O mind, to find  
A *seeing* Stone,  
For Argus had a hundred eyes  
To watch Io.

And, let it not surprise the wise—  
This *hearing* Rock.  
For, did not Galatea's heart  
Beat soft for Pygmalion?

Simeon represents the second step, or stage, in the development of our Stone. This fact is but vaguely brought out in the original etymology of the word itself, which means, literally, "hearing and obeying."

Leah declares that the Lord has heard her prayer, and this second son is the answer. Simeon is thus shown as the realization of a desire, and that desire is the birth of the *stone*.

In the New Testament Simeon is plainly revealed as the Stone by his surname, Peter (Greek, *petra*, a stone). "On this *rock*," says Jesus, "I will build my church."

The coupling of Simeon with Levi (Gen 49:5) is indicative of a certain chemical union of substances known to alchemy as *Rebis*, or "two-thing."

This chaos, or *mixt*, is undoubtedly a very perfect type of the primal cosmic chaos.

So that, if Simeon be regarded as a stone, he is such only *in potentia*, not actually; for at this stage he appears more like *clay* than stone.

He represents the *feet* of the image in the vi-



sion of the Babylonian king (Dan. 2:33), which are shown to consist partly of clay.

Simeon is expressed by the astrologic sign of Pisces, the feet of the Grand Man; and, like the feet, though apparently two, yet he is *one*.

He is the soul and spirit of the mixt, the "two-fishes" in the philosophic sea.

Jacob declares (Gen. 49:6) that he possesses "a sword, a weapon of violence," one which has been used to avenge the defilation of Dinah (Justice), Gen. 34.

This "slaying of a man" here is expressive of the action of a certain energy on a certain substance, by which the substance is made to undergo a remarkable transformation.

"The digging down of a wall" of hard matter, is a thing literally accomplished by Magic Art. We may see a grand illustration of this in the disintegrating action of water on a limestone cliff.

There is no definite meaning in the literal "curse" that Jacob pronounces upon these "brethren." Levi becomes the head of the priesthood, while Simeon has his portion *divided*, in Israel, at the very southern extremity (the feet) of Judea.

I am aware that it will seem strange to a large majority of my readers that I should make the central idea of my interpretation of Biblical, and other myths, a Stone, but I am led to do this by the most interior illumination.

Man began his career in the Stone Age. At that time he had no *metaphysical* concepts. He was nearer to the rocks. They spoke to him. He mastered their secrets. To understand the writings he has left us, we must not soar into the realm of transcendental idealism. This is a thought-plane of comparative modern unfoldment.

It has a correspondence to, but no definite connection with, the *real* subject underlying the ancient myths.

Again, it may at first thought seem singular that so many and various occult names were applied by the ancients to one and the same thing; but we must remember that in the Bible, we have the combined traditions of thousands of years.

The division of the year into months is primarily the result of Lunar observation.

The birth and life of the Stone was found by the ancients to follow very closely the Lunar phenomena.

The months (*mooneths*) received each its peculiar designation and correspondentially the progressive stages of the grandest artificial Work known to man, the development of the Divine Stone, had their distinguishing names.

The very earliest record of these names is found in the story of Jacob and his sons. Again it is imaged forth in the Twelve labors of Hercules. Later, it appears in the Twelve apostles, and comes down to us in the Twelve heavenly signs, the Twelve months, the Twelve hours of the day, etc.

(2) An old man named Simeon had waited long for the Messiah (Luke 2:25).

The spirit led him to the temple, where he saw the child Jesus. Taking him in his arms he blessed him and said, "O Sovereign Lord, dismiss thy servant in peace, because mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Who would suspect that this is a story having any connection with the Simeon of patriarchal times?

In this act old Simeon dies a spiritual death. He had "heard and obeyed" the promise.

His soul passes into the infant Christ, that is, Levi.

"This child," he says to Mary, "is destined for the fall and rising of many in Israel . . . and indeed, *a Sword will pierce through thy soul.*"

Mary, in this connection, is that Virgin Influence, or potency, appearing in fluidic form (*mare*, the sea).

The same "sword of violence" which Simeon is represented as wielding (Gen. 49:5 margin) pierces the foes of chastity, and by this Dinah is "avenged" (purified) and appears later as the perfected Madonna.

Spiritually considered, Reuben is Vision, intellect, while Simeon is hearing, intuition.

These are the two most interior, primal principles, one springing from the other.

The creative Word is volitional Vibration. That which follows in natural sequential order is sensuous apperception—Sight, Hearing, etc.

These senses become the nuclei of the Soul, the vehicle or medium of spiritual energization, and thus ensues the unfoldment of consciousness and the evolution of humanity.

## TONE PRODUCTION I

**T**ONE is a word of wide application. We speak of the tone of voice, of color, of mind, of body.

In fact, so closely are these related, psychologically, that we may easily find a way to reduce them to one fundamental Tone of which all other tonal phenomena are but regular overtones, or harmonics.

It is not difficult to discover that this fundamental tone is in Mind, and that other tones are but the natural and necessary expression of this one.

But here is a point for mental scientists to reflect upon. Man's mind, no matter what its relations or affinities, is not the absolute mind. It comes into consciousness for the manifest object of higher perfectioning. It is an intelligent learner which draws its inspiration from above and its experience from below.

The Mind is thus the only real individualized expression in the universe, and all energies, forces, matters, circumstances, contribute to its growth and expansion.



The error of the old school lay in ignoring the power of inspiration, that of the new lies in ignoring experience. Thus the older method of learning, still regarded as the scientific one, in our schools and colleges, is to delve into matter and to tabulate its discoveries there as mnemonic exercises for future generations. The newer method, which forms the basis of the true method, searches in matter only for reasonable proof and verification of its ideas and images, derived primally from a higher source.

It will look up before it looks down. And this is the amendment I propose to the modern mental-science method. At present it is gazing upward. Let it find in the heart of the earth what it sees written on the face of the sky and it will have completed the demonstration of the ages.

Those who study an art like music, superficially, listening to the tone of the voice, without considering the inner fundamental cause, are following the older method of science and will not attain even to mediocrity in these days of advanced thinking.

It is not necessary for an artist to have been interested in the New Thought ideas, or even to have known of their existence, in order to have come intuitively into the unfoldment of the true art of expression.

There is everything in the study of art, particularly Music, to free the mind from traditional hamperings, from narrowness of thought, and bigotry of expression.

Thus we find our great musicians, almost without exception, free men and women, many of them indeed, quite outside the pale of social tolerance when adjudged by conventional ethics.

There is, however, observable in musical training the same pendency born of ignorance and conceit that is seen in moral training.

Teachers, as a mass, teach wholly by the book. They do not stop to consider that the book was made by a man who learned from a similar book and so on.

It has become so that a method to be respectable must have a pedigree, and in this country it must have a foreign stamp.

Between the one class of orthodox methodists and another class of pretenders without a method, the student steers a musical course as between the fabled Scylla and Charybdis.

Art is advanced not so much by its teachers as its practitioners or demonstrators—those who have succeeded in spite of adverse instruction by their own inherent force of reasoning.

From a long life of experience with all classes of music and musicians, I am impelled to say that I do not believe any one ever made a voice for another. It is a common remark among singers, "Professor so and so, built my voice!" Nothing is more fallacious.

Your voice expresses *you*, just as you are. No

(3) other than yourself can build your voice any more than he can build a bone in your body.

I will not say that your voice did not improve while under Professor's instruction. Undoubtedly it did. But he did not improve it—you improved it.

The teacher who impresses upon the pupil's mind the value of introspection, has fulfilled his mission. All power is self power. All poise is self poise.

From this, the deduction is plain that a teacher is necessary only to lead the pupil to understand and to exercise his own inherent powers.

I said that inspiration was from above, experience from below. Having conceived the idea of what you wish to do it is necessary that you should set about to execute it, to bring it forth, to manifest it. If you will observe, your first attempt is disappointing. It in no way approaches the ideal.

To illustrate, look at a common object like an inkstand and attempt to draw it. You cannot possibly do it the first time. In fact, it will take days of persistent practice to produce a creditable representation of the inkstand. Likewise, you hear a beautiful tone. You attempt to reproduce it. You utterly fail. But just so surely as you persistently try, you will succeed. It is all a matter of personal desire, of personal effort. Go and hear a chamber concert if singing be your ideal, an orator or a reader if elocution be your aim.

Here you have your model, as it were a picture to copy. When you have filled in your mental sketch of it, it will be something quite different from the original. You should never try to actually imitate the model, only let it inspire you, guide you, to the unfoldment of your own individuality.

That which stamps the true artist is individuality. He is what he is, because he is *himself* perfectly expressed. Even if he be a good caricature he is a success.

But now, what is practical for us to consider, is where and how to begin the development of beautiful tone. Begin right at home, this moment. Begin with the speaking voice.

Let me give you a few practical suggestions.

1. The beauty, or admirable quality, of tone, is dependent first of all upon the loveliness of one's life, the purity of heart, the depth of emotion. Your tone expresses your *tone*. If you have a heart you can reach a heart. How can I lay down rules for this acquirement?

God is laying them down daily in your life, and you are working them out little by little.

2. But here is the wonderful provision with which nature has endowed us for conquering our environment. We possess WILL. What we will to be we will be. If you will to acquire a beautiful tone, and realize that it is no superficial acquirement but a thing which proceeds from the very fibers of the soul, then you will set to work to remove all obstructions, all impediments, in order to



free and perfect the expression of that tone. You will rejoice day by day in the outpicturing of your inner unfoldment through the improvement of the vocal quality.

For there is behind all a judge who approves or disapproves.

3. A few of the qualities which are approved by the higher sense of beauty are SOFTNESS, SWEETNESS, MELODIOUSNESS.

How many voices do we hear in common conversation that impress us agreeably? Not one in a thousand. Nearly all are harsh, strident, nasal, guttural, squeaky or boisterous—wholly unmusical.

Many are hollow and affected, like ugly pictures covered with some flimsy stuff. So many, too, are cold, bitter, cynical—oh, where are the soft, sweet voices that come from loving hearts? I have heard them in chorus in the kindergarten, but I have heard them nowhere else.

If you take the trained choruses on our stages, they are abominable. Even the *toute ensemble* in no way hides the defects of the parts.

4. So here is our grand beginning, at home, in your room. Practice reading in a soft, sweet voice. Learn a little poem that is full of sentiment. Put your heart into it, declaim it daily. *Think your soul into it.* Then live its sentiment. Take your music lesson into the kitchen or into the office. Practice these in daily conversation. This is the voice which fascinates. This is the voice which wins admiration and success.

If I saw the most beautiful face in the world, and the form were admirable, and the figure richly dressed; if the tongue spake all languages and the speech revealed all the knowledge and refinement that education and social culture can afford—still if the TONE were not perfect, if it betrayed selfishness and cruelty, pride and hypocrisy, how could I ever enter into intimate communion with such an individual? On the other hand if the face were plain, the form misshapen, and clothed in rags; if the words spoken showed total unfamiliarity with all the requirements of civilized life—if, withal, the voice were sweet and low, soft and musical; I should love that creature, for heart would speak to heart, and between us would be harmony.

#### MONEY-MAKING

A GOOD many people have written to ask me why the Art of Alchemy is made so obscure.

"If," says one correspondent, "it is a *good thing* for the world to know, why did not the Masters of this art write out *plain* instructions concerning it so that everybody could reap the benefit?"

My dear friend, let me ask you, Do you know of any art that is "written out plain" so that you can grasp it by a simple reading, as you might a story by Dickens or The Duchess?

Take the kindred art of chemistry. How much

(4) do you know of it? How much could you understand of it by perusing a book on chemistry? It is all Greek to you, and remains Greek, till you go at it determinedly, and give it extended study and practice.

Take music as another illustration. You do not complain of the hidden meaning of this art; and yet perhaps you live and die without knowing a note of it; and as for unveiling the occult mystery of music, not even one musical artist in a thousand succeeds in doing it. The common people have no conception of its real meaning. How can they without giving it thought and attention?

If, then, all the common arts and sciences demand deep and earnest study, what shall we say of an art that has for its ulterior purpose the transformation of the whole physical world?

The trouble is, people are willing enough to work their hands, but they dread to work their heads.

In spite of the stimulus of early school training, and later of competitive business struggles, most people are mentally lazy.

The mere rumor that Captain Kidd, or somebody, buried a treasure somewhere will cause dozens of men to spend long years in futile search for it.

Many prospectors for gold in the mountains grub their lives out, hoping some day to strike it rich. But now, when a library of alchemical books is available, when indubitable proofs of the truth of the doctrine of transmutation are at hand, just because the books seem vaguely written, people throw them down in despair and turn to menial occupations from choice.

Do not complain at being poor, do not rail at the rich for their greater possessions.

The money of the world is in exactly the right hands. The man who cannot accumulate it is not worthy to possess it.

If I had not known what it is to be as poor as Job's turkey myself, I would not be in a position to make this statement fearlessly.

I would dread to go through the country in a palace coach, with royal retinue, and promulgate the doctrine of the dinner-pail. But I am not afraid to talk to my fellow comrades and workmen. Not a bit of it.

You tell me that riches are gained through rascality? Granted! Then you are poor because you are not a smart rascal. Is not that so? Do not tell me that you covet wealth and still are wanting in the same germs of "rascality" to obtain it, had you ability or opportunity to grow them.

You do not desire riches? Ah, that is different. You have in some past life, no doubt, been rich and tested the folly and suffered the pains of possession.

Riches gained by the grabbing method must necessarily accrue to the stronger mind. Of course, it is not the most highly developed, or the most



reasonable mind, but it is the mind of greatest force and concentration—a mind centered on the one aim and purpose of acquisition, and pretty much oblivious to every other thought.

On the contrary, riches gained by the scientific method come as the natural sequence of the highest intellectual development.

Every artist, every inventor, illustrates this fact. Take Marconi. He has not struggled for wealth. He possessed ample means. But wealth will come to him as the inevitable consequence of his masterly invention.

Take Paderewski. He did not practice music with the aim of making money. He willed to be the greatest artist of the world. At the present time money and fame are heaped upon him. He has only to show himself anywhere to win an ovation and to be showered with public caresses.

The world is madly in love with genius. It worships it at any price. But money is a meagre and paltry offering to lay at the feet of genius. The artist spurns it. He has it all, for he has the knowledge which produces it.

The essence of the whole thought lies in the saying of the Great Master,

Seek ye first the kingdom,  
And all these things shall be added.

#### CONCEIT

A little dog barked at the big round moon  
That smiled in the evening sky,  
And the neighbors smote him with rocks and shoon,  
But still he continued his rageful tune;  
And he barked till his throat was dry.

The little dog bounced like a rubber ball,  
For his anger quite drove him wild;  
And he said, "I'm a terror, although I'm small;  
And I dare you, you impudent fellow, to fall."  
But the moon only smiled and smiled.

Then the little dog barked at a terrible rate,  
But he challenged the moon in vain.  
For, as calmly and slow as the workings of fate,  
The moon moved along in a manner sedate,  
And he smiled at the dog in disdain.

But soon 'neath a hill that obstructed the west  
The moon sank out of sight  
And it smiled as it slowly dropped under the crest;  
And the little dog said, as he lay down to rest:  
"Well, I scared it away all right."

---Buffalo News

#### DISCIPLINE

ONE cold day, not long ago, I passed a fashionable lady carrying a whip. She was standing at a corner and the wind was blowing a gale. A measley looking little dog, blanketed and wearing a bell, had stopped to inspect some object that might have been a bone. The woman called, "Come Baby, come Baby," but Baby lingered. "Baby!" (stamping her foot) "I shall have to use this whip!" And she started for the doglet. Baby pricked up her knowing little ears and ran violently around the corner. Madam ran after the dog. I drew deductions. I did not plunge off to the humane society, for I had a vision of "Baby" being softly punished by sitting on a warm rug before a cozy fire, eating a chocolate bon-bon.

This reminds me of a little reminiscence. I was a guest at the home of some very fashionable

people who were the proud parents of one solitary infant that had reached the dignified age of four and one-half years.

This child, I was told, was a prodigy. Had cut its teeth at a remarkably tender age and had a horoscope to beat anything.

Of all this I soon had ocular proof. Inside of half an hour it had rattled the piano twenty times, had blacked its darling face with the tongs, had pulled down a statuette of Beethoven and broken the nose, and done various other cute things quite too numerous to mention. Between four o'clock and tea-time it had been forcibly removed from the room six times.

Papa came home. Pet was covered with kisses. During tea she was the whole show. She ate with her precious "itty finders," and sprinkled fond papa with sugar. That was a great joke. "Pet must have recognized that papa is a little sour to-night and wants to sweeten him. But I never did see her behave so dreadfully," said mamma. In recognition of which compliment Pet threw a chickenbone in mamma's direction. "There's a bouquet for you," said George, as the bone crashed into mamma's china, upsetting the tea on her lap.

Nurse came to the rescue and carried the child out. The relief was only temporary. After tea the prodigy formed my acquaintance.

I had been taught that the way to tame a savage Indian or a small child was to show them a watch or compass. I happened to have both in one. I exhibited the compass and held the "ticky" to the small ear. It was an old trick and was not appreciated. Quick as a flash the child seized the watch and chain and threw it gleefully at papa. It struck the polished floor of the library and the crystal flew into a thousand bits.

"O Evelyn, Florence Evelyn Ashforth, whatever will I do with you! You have ruined the watch. George, what *shall* I do with her!"

It was an unsolvable conundrum. As usual, Nursie came to the rescue, swept up the fragments and removed the Pet.

In ten minutes there was a crash in the dining-room. Mamma ran, Nursie ran, papa puffed irritably at his cigar. The sugar had not been sufficient to wholly sweeten him, it seemed."

"I do wish you could keep that child out of mischief, Evelyn," he ejaculated. And our game of chess proceeded. It came bedtime for Florence. She was duly and truly prepared in the nursery, and carried kicking and screaming upstairs.

"What's the trouble?" said George.—"She wanted more chicken, and really it isn't good for her. Her digestion is not what it should be, and Dr. Snobbs has forbidden her eating before bedtime."

The game was proceeding. In three minutes there was a quick noise on the stairs. We all turned and there stood the child like a tragedy queen, swinging a nude and one-legged doll by the neck.



"I want some ticken or I'll trow someting!"—"Goodness gracious, Evelyn, do feed the child!" And the game went on to a finish.

A few days ago I met this "child" on a streetcar in this city. She had grown to womanhood. She was richly dressed, and I should not have recognized her but for an incident.

The car had reached a crossing, was passing it. "I want to get off!" she called out. The conductor frantically pulled the bell rope. It was too late. The motorman understood the next crossing to be meant. She arose sternly. "I gave you plenty of time to stop the car. I shall report you," and out she got storming. There was no mistaking the voice and manner. It was Florence Evelyn's.

I live in perhaps one of the wealthiest quarters of the city. My news-dealer, an intelligent Hebrew, informs me that petty larceny is most common among the rich boys in the neighborhood.

He says they steal his pennies and the fruit-dealer's oranges and bananas, as well.

"You would not find that in the old country," said the Jew. "There the children do learn to obey. In this country, they have no decent respect for nobody."

"See," he added, pointing out on the street, "there is an exhibition." And sure enough there they were, a whole crowd of them, pelting a poor old cripple with dirty snow.

Alas for this condition! I know from experience as a teacher, that out of the mass of the children as they enter our schools not one in fifty has the right sense of obedience, truthfulness, or honor.

Many have no sense of these things at all. An English clergyman said to me, "Your public schools are a failure, ethically considered. They graduate a horde of young idlers, who are mostly without fixed character, ability or aim."

Said I to him, "But for the schools these young people, many of them, would be in houses of correction. The fault does not lie in the schools. It lies in the laxity, the negligence, the inconsistency—even the immorality, in some cases, of home influence."

Rather than that children be subject to such influences, it were better that they should become orphaned, or otherwise thrown on their own resources at an early age, to find their own by the true law of affinity, to lay the foundations of character by real experience. Better by far in nine cases out of ten that the State educate and care for them than that their training should be a matter of individual caprice or that their character should be cramped by penuriousness, warped by pride, misshapen by ignorance.

About January 1st of this year, I began to notice irregularities in my mail. Queries came in for letters I had not received. Then some money

was lost. Then more money. Letters came in bad condition. Some of them had been torn open and resealed, others were found in the box unsealed.

After about two months, we located the matter. It was traced without much difficulty on the part of the Inspector to a certain carrier, who was instantly removed and placed under heavy bonds, but not until he had plucked me and others pretty thoroughly.

Now, why did this need to occur? This fellow is a fine looking young man about twenty-six years of age. He had a splendid job with the government, which might have been a life job. He is well educated, studied for the ministry, is a fine organist, and conducted Sabbath school classes.

He was his mother's idol. I have no doubt from all that I have heard that she spoiled him by indulgence. Now, she comes forward and lays the blame on his poor young wife's extravagance!

When will people who raise children ever learn to have a little sense?

"SWEETHEARTS" is the name of a little booklet which I have just written and which will soon be printed. Isn't that a sweet title? But it is just as serious as it is sweet.

It came straight from my heart, and I am going to put out one hundred thousand copies of it for the benefit of the sweetheartless ones. You want my book, and after you read it you will order two or more copies for your lonely friends. The price is Ten Cents.

We are receiving orders for so many books, and our facilities are so excellent for carrying on a book-business, that we have decided to add a regular book department to the establishment.

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Fifteen Poetical Lessons in the Beautiful Truths of the Higher Wisdom, by Wallace D. McGill, Price 50 cts., also, A Breeze of Harmony from the Higher Planes, or the Prayer of a deep, faithful Heart, by Myrtle Oneel, price \$1.00, both published by Wallace D. McGill, F. T. S., Leavenworth, Kansas.

Just received "The Cricket," Chirp 2. J. Edward Morgan's Fireside Paper, published at Sargent, Nebraska, \$1.00 per year. A large 12 page paper, brimful of Truth, so presented as to make one weep and make one laugh and best of all to make one think.

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One very highly intellectual lady writes me, "You and I would never agree on Physical Immortality."

My dear, we are bound to, sometime, perhaps not today, nor tomorrow, but eventually the Spirit of Nature will bring us to agreement. I shall yet

(7) meet you as a radiant angel, and you will then recognize and acknowledge your immortality.

Your misconception of this subject lies in your false education, which has taught you to separate the spiritual from the physical. These terms refer merely to states of consciousness, and are but different expressions for one and the same fact,

All conceptions are relative and not absolute, with one exception, viz., I AM. There are three elements in the constitution or expression of man. The thinker, the thinking, the thought—the knower, the knowing, the known—the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost. This is the trinity of manifest being, from which man cannot escape and BE. Incorporeality (*no* body) is, except as a definition of the inner elements of consciousness, a myth and a misnomer. It cannot be applied to real being.

As long as you exist on earth, in heaven, or any *where* else, you will possess a *body* which will seem to you perfectly natural and similar to your present one.

Oh yes, I grant it may be of "different appearance," or would be if you could jump into the body of a thousand years hence this moment. The human body is more refined and markedly different from either Saurian or Simian.

This improvement has been brought about by evolution. That is to say, it is the result of the operation of Love-Energy. But there is a point in this evolution where the worm learns from the Master a method of bridging death and living three distinct existences in one.

The thing of practical moment to us is to find the secret *key* that unlocks the mystery of Life's innermost action, and thus be able to project life forward at will.

It is apparent that this principle is capable of intellectual apprehension only as a vague and unsatisfactory theory, and that it can only be understood as it is *demonstrated*, step by step.

Many deaths may intervene before one attains to the supreme realization, but rest assured it will be attained: "Verily, verily I say unto you, If a man keep my saying he shall never see death."

Life is continually changing its garments (forms). It is only the ignorant, who perceive but the surface of things, who think that life can be annihilated because it disappears in one form. But if it disappears in one form, it is only to reappear in another. The life of the food we eat has changed its form by our eating the food, causing it to reappear in the flesh. The caterpillar disappears, but it reappears as a butterfly; the infant disappears, but the youth appears in place of it; the animal man disappears, but reappears as a spiritual man—Lucy A. Mallory in World's Advance Thought.



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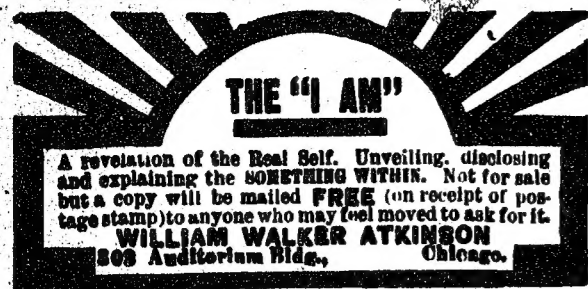
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